The Pleaſant HISTORY of

Cawwood the Rook.

OR THE

Aſſembly of Birds:

With their ſeveral Speeches to the

EAGLE,

In hopes to have the Government in his Abſence.

And how the *ROOK* was baniſhed, with the Reaſon why crafty Fellows are call'd *ROOKS*. With fit Morals and Expoſitions added to every Chapter.

To which is added, The *BIRDS HARMONY*.

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Chap. I. *How the* Eagle, *King of Birds, ſummon'd all his Winged Subjects to his Royal Palace of* Sylvia, *&c.*

IN the heat of Summer, when the Woods were lined with pleaſant Shades, and filled with the cheerful Muſick of the ſcathed Querriſters, it happened that the *Eagle*, the Royal King of Birds, intending to leave off his Govarment a while, and to live ſolitary in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, cauſed a Proclamation to be drawn in this manner following: That ſeeing he purpoſed for ſome weighty Reaſons beſt known unto himſelf, to retire unto the *Arabian* Deſart, and for ſome few Months to leave off all Rule and Dominion; he therefore tendred the Welfare of his Subjects, and being careful they might not want one in his Abſence to adminiſter Juſtice unto them, thought good to ſignifie his Royal Will and Pleaſure, which was, That all Birds, of what Name, Colour, or Degree ſoever, ſhould repair unto the Wood called *Sylvia*; and that there he purpoſed to chuſe one amongſt them to Rule the reſt, who could declare himſelf to be moſt worthy in merit and deſart. This Proclamation

being written, and subscribed with *Aquila Rex Avium*; which is in English, *The Eagle King of Birds:* It was no sooner made known through all Thickets, Hedges, and bushy Fields where Birds do resort, but that presently their hearts were inflamed with Ambition, every one desiring to prove himself worthy of the Vice regency, or Goverment, during the retirment of the King. So that in a short time, there were come unto the Court of *Sylvia*, *Robert* the *Robin*, *Mavis* the *Magpye*, *Philip* the *Sparrow*, the *Blackbird*, *Starling*, and *Jackdaw*, with *Philomel* the *Nightingale*, *Tom Tittmouse*, *Purvis* the *Wren*, *Spinck* the *Finch Climber*, the *Dove*, and *Maybird* the *Cuckoo*, with many others which came with prepared Speeches to make known their own Worth and Merit. But now the *Eagle* having seated himself on a high Cedar-tree, began to look down upon the Assembly of Birds, who sat upon the lower boughs round about him; and by the piercing Quickness of his Eye, he soon perceived that his Cousin *Rapax* the *Hawk* (who was somewhat a kin unto him) and likewise *Cawwood* the *Rook*, were only absent. So that before he would make known his Mind unto them, he sent *Flywel* the *Buzzard* for his Cousin *Rapax* the *Hawk*, and likewise for *Cawwood* the *Rook*; and withall, (fearing that his Cousin *Rapax* the *Hawk*, kept out of the way, because he had formerly committed many Outrages upon the smaller Birds) sent him a free Pardon for all his former Offences, biding *Flywel* to command him to come away with all speed.

Moral. *There is no Man hath so mean a Conceit of himself, but he thinketh he deserveth Honour and Preferment, as may appear by the Wren, and the other small Birds, who all resorted to the Court upon the Eagle's Proclamation, to make the most worthy Vice-gerent in his Absence. The* Hawk *and the* Rook *keeping themselves away from the Court, doth shew that guilty Conscience is a Self-accuser, and maketh Men afraid to come in sight, especially at any publick meeting.*

Chap. II. *How* Flywel *the* Buzzard *carried a pardon to* Rapax *the* Hawk; *and how the* Hawk *and the* Rook *requited him for his Pains.*

NO sooner had *Flywel* the *Buzzard* tyed the Pardon with a string round about his Neck, but strait he took wing, and flew away

way to a Wood some three Miles off, to which he knew the *Hawk* and the *Rook* did use to resort; and there accordingly he soon met with them, and deliver'd the Pardon to the *Hawk*, telling him, That the King (out of his free Mercy) had vouchsafed to send him a pardon for all his former bloody Facts, wishing him to obey the former Proclamation, and to make all haste that could be to come unto the Court. The *Hawk* took the pardon, and having read it, he gave *Flywel* the *Buzzard* many Thanks, for that he being so short of wing, had took the pains to bring him these good Tydings; and so walking aside with *Cawwood* the *Rook*, as if they had consulted about going to the Court, the *Hawk* told the *Rook*, that this *Buzzard*, albeit he was a Kin unto them, was a Shame and Disgrace unto all *Hawks*, being a Coward and not daring to seize on any thing but dead Carrion, or some scattered Guts, or take Childrens bread and butter out of their hands, all which doth plainly shew the baseness of his breeding, and that he never came out of the true Nest or Airy of the *Hawks*; and therefore, Friend *Rook*, seeing thou hast been accounted a cunning Politician in thy dayes, I would intreat thee, at this time, to instruct me in some device how we might make him away, and yet neither of us be known to have any hand in the matter. The *Rook* scratching his head with one of his Claws, and standing still a while, as in amaze, at last turning to the *Hawk*, with a serious look, he told him, That there was a new invention come into his brain how to make away the *Buzzard*, and to set him going with a Powder. After this they returned again unto *Flywel* the *Buzzard*, who never suspected what they had contrived against him, but complain'd unto them that he had gotten a great Cold in his Head, by flying so far in a rainy day, he being only us'd to haunt Warrens and so fly from one old Tree to another. No sooner had the *Rook* heard him say that he had gotten a Cold, but he presently took hold of the occasion, telling him that there was no better Medcine in the World for a Cold than Warmth; and therefore, if he would but tye his Head about with a Cloath, he should find that the Rheum would presently void it self, and run out of his beak in a great abundance. The *Buzzard*, being full of pain with the Head ach, consented thereunto, so that the *Rook* very carefully and cunningly tyed a Clout about his Head, and so bid him fly to the next tree: The foolish *Buzzard* thinking

thinking he could find out the way for all he was blindfolded, took wing and flew directly against the body of a great Oak, which beat him back so violently, that he came fluttering through the boughs, till at the last he accidentally caught hold on one of them with his Talons, and so having pearch'd himself, he thought to sit there till the *Hawk* and *Rook*, his learned Physicians did come unto him, but they flew to another Tree hard by, from whence they might behold the *Buzzard* sitting very demurely by himself. But he had not sat there long, when it hapned that one came by with a Fowling-

piece, and perceiving so fair a Mark, went towards him, and taking his aim, gave fire, and shot the *Buzzard*, that he came tumbling down stark dead: Which when the *Rook* and the *Hawk* perceived, they flew away towards the Court, the *Hawk* being very glad that his Cozzin *Buzzard* was deprived of his Life; and so giving

the

the *Rook* many thanks for inventing this Device which had so luckily took effect, they both flew together to the Court.

Moral. *Some are so blindfolded that they cannot discern Danger before it come upon them, as may appear by the* Buzzard, *who sat blindfolded in the Tree, till the Fowler came by and shot him. The* Hawk *bringing his Cousin* Buzzard *to an untimely end, sheweth, that the Rich do despise their poor Kindred, and so do expose them to Danger.*

CHAP. III. *How* Rapax *the* Hawk, *and* Cawwood *the* Rook *came to the Court, and how the* Eagle *declared unto the Birds the Reason why he called them together.*

THe *Eagle* being, as before, mounted upon a Cedar, all the Birds in a Circle sat round about him, making such a Charm of several Notes, Tunes, and Ditties, that if you had but heard them, you would have sworn that you never heard the like. As they were thus sitting together in came the *Hawk* and the *Rook*, and took their places amongst the other Birds: And so the *Hawk* having made Obeysance to the King, began in an eloquent Speech to amplifie the King's Mercy, who had not only granted him a free Pardon for all his former bloody Offences, but also safe Protection to come unto that Place. But the *Eagle* cut him off in his Speech, saying, Cousin, I hope my Mercy shall find that Return which I expect, which is, That you will amend your Life, for that is the best way to give me thanks, and satisfie the whole Common-wealth of Birds; who else, though they dare not speak it openly, yet in their Hearts they will condemn me of Injustice, for remitting the bloody Murders and Slaughters of my Subjects, which you have daily committed. But I have other Matters to declare unto you, and therefore I would have you give Attention; and so with his Scepter (which he held in one of his Talons) making a sign unto them for silence, he began his royal Speech in this manner: My loving Subjects, from the Highest to the Lowest, I do therefore here confess that my Subjects are equally dear to me, so that my Cousin the *Hawk*, is not more dear to me than the little *Wren*: It behoveth me therefore, that as I have made known my purpose to you by my

Proclamation,

Proclamation, which is, to leave my Court of *Sylva*, and fly into the solitary Deserts of *Arabia*; so it is necessary, for the establishing of Peace and Quiet in my Absence, I leave one to rule and govern over you; and to this end I have called you to this Assembly, that whatsoever Bird among you can prove himself to be the Worthiest, either by Parentage, Merit, or Desert, or any other Way, him will I make King in my Absence. Therefore let every one speak boldly in behalf of themselves, and urge what Reasons they can in their Practice. The Birds hearing this, began to clap their Wings, and with Chirruping and Chattering gave great Applause to the *Eagle*'s Speech.

Moral. *That when a wicked Offender receives Mercy, either from the King or a Magistrate, he cannot shew more Thankfulness than by amending his Life; for so the Kingly* Eagle *told his Cousin* Rapax *the* Hawk. *Kings ought to take care of their Subjects in their Absence, as appeareth by the* Eagle's *Speech to the Commonalty of Birds, whose Rejoycing thereat does shew how acceptable the gracious Speech of a King is to his loving Subjects.*

How Parvis *the* Wren *made a Speech to the* Eagle.

THE *Wren* all this while sat upon thorns, though indeed she was now upon a higher Tree than ever she was in her Life before, being always wont to peep and creep in the Hedg-bottom, and therefore it seems that the Height of the Tree had put high Conceits in her Head; so that perking up her self, and getting upon a small Twig, from whence she might be seen of all the Company, she began most earnestly to desire the Kingly *Eagle* to make her his Substitude; for, saies she, tho' I am but a *Wren*, and of a small body, yet my Heart is as big as the best; and for my Wit and Policy, you may see it in building my Nest and the Workmanship thereof: And therefore though I am the least of Birds, yet if you please, I think my self worthy to bear the greatest Authority among the birds. The *Wren* would still have gon on, being all Heart and Tongue, but that the *Eagle* commanded *Rapax* the *Robin* to speak next.

Moral

Moral. *This sheweth, that Men of least Desert, will put themselves most forward; as it is seen by the Wren, preferring her self above all other Birds: And the Reason is, because those that have the least Worth, have the great st Opinion of themselves.*

How Rupert *the* Robin *spake to the* Eagle.

MY Lord the *Eagle*, I hope *Rupert* the *Robin* is not unknown unto you, whom Men, Women, and Children do love, honour, and respect, no Piece is discharged against me, no Snare is set for me, so that I fly with safety into Houses, Butteries, or Cellars, because no Man will hurt a *Robin*. The Reason why I am beloved, is for my Courtesie and Familiarity towards Men; for if I find a dead body in the Woods, I and the rest of my Fellows do bury it with Moss and Leaves, and for this I am called the *Sexton of the Woods*. Besides, I sing in Winter, neither can the coldest Frosts put me down, when all other Birds, like Cowards, creep into bushes. I therefore, having the better Heart, and being generally beloved, do know no Reason why I may not govern the Commonwealth of Birds, during your royal Absence.

Moral. *It is some Argument of Worth in our selves, when we are beloved of others; as appears by the speech of* Rupert *the* Robin, *who urges it as a Praise unto himself, to be beloved of Men*

The Owl's *Speech.*

THe *Owl* being not in those times afraid of the other Birds, but esteemed as a grave Counsellour, began to speak next, but with such a hollow Voice, as no man could understand him: yet some of his Words were to this purpose May it please your Royal *Eagleship*, the *Owl* was beloved of *Pallas*, and the *Lacedemonians* did coyn their Money with the Stamp and Picture of an *Owl*, so much did the *Lacedemonians* love me. The Birds hearing the *Owl* speak of the *Lacedemonians*, fell all into a confused Chirruping or Laughter, so that the *Owl*, without taking any Leave, fled away, and ever since that time hath hid his head in an old Ivy tree, being

ashamed of Day-Light, and shunning the Company of other Birds.

Moral. *That when Men will strive to shew Learning at unseasonable times, it makes them prove ridiculous; as appears by the Owl, who who was laughed at for his learned Speech of the* Lacedemonians.

The Speech of Philomel *the* Nightingal.

AFter the *Owl* was laughed out of Countenance, the *Nightingale* began to delight their Ears with her sweet harmonious Voice; and no sooner had she framed her self to speak, but the Birds were ready to give Attendance to her Speech; which was in this Manner, Most Royal Soveraign, If I should declare my Sorrows which I record by night, making the Thorn my Song-Book, I know it would move you to compassionate my unjust Ravishment; for know, that I was Daughter to a King, and ravished by my Sister *Progne*'s Husband, called *Tereneus*, and afterwards (by some strange Power) we were all changed into Birds; *Tereneus* into a *Lapwing*, my Sister *Progne* into a Swallow, and I *Philomela* into a *Nightingale*, who still in lamentable Tunes, setting my breast against a Thorn, warble forth my own Griefs: And seeing every bird hath free Liberty to praise her self, I may boldly say, that I am the Honour of the Woods, the Darling of the Spring, and the Lover's Joy; for young Men and Maids will walk out together to hear my Notes, and if they hear me before *May-bird* the *Cuckoo*, they are in good hopes of enjoying their Sweet-hearts that Year. I am called *Philomel* for my melodious strains; my body is little, my Voice is loud, so that one said of me, *Vox et præterea nihil*; that I was only a Voice and nothing else. If therefore, my great Birth, my former Wrongs, or pleasant Tunes have any power to declare my Merit, I hope the Crown and Scepter may be worthily resigned unto me, having been sometime a King's Daughter, and therefore fit to be made Queen of the Woods.

Moral. *Injured Virtue is pitied of all Men, which made* Philomel *declare the Story of her Ravishment; and by the Birds giving so diligent Attention unto her, is shewed, That a well-delivered Speech hath a great power over the Mind and Affections.*

The

The *Cuckoo*'s Speech:

MAy bird the *Cuckoo*, having heard the sweet Speech which *Philomel* had made, thinking he could have made as good himself, for yet he had not suckt so many Eggs to make him hoarse, and therefore. getting upon a bare bough, he began to wipe his beak, and rub it upon the Tree, afterwards he fluttered his Wings, and at last, fetching his breath as if he meant to make a long Speech, he began in this manner: Great King, I am the *Cuckoo*, *Cuckoo*, *Cuckoo*, and so he could go no farther, but still cry'd *Cuckoo*, *Cuckoo*; whereat all the other birds laugh'd, and the *Cuckoo* was much dismay'd, and since then he will never be seen of the birds but only in *May*, and for that Reason he is called the *May-bird*.

Moral. *This shews, that great Preparations have small Performances, and that those, whose brains seem to be in Labour with a Mountain, do at last bring forth a Mouse, as may be perceived by* May-bird *the* Cuckoo, *who made them believe that he had great Matters to speak and at last could say nothing but* Cuckoo, Cuckoo, *and so was laugh'd at for his Pains.*

The Speech of *Corvino* the *Crow*.

WHen the *Cuckoo* had ended with shame, as she began with Ostentation, then *Corvino* the *Crow* stood up, and told them that he was a great Astrologer, having Knowledge in the influence of the Stars, the shiftings of the Winds change of the Weather, all which he made known unto Men by Voice, so that the Shepherds are wont to say,

When the Crow *doth cry amain,*
Then you may be sure of Rain.

Besides, my Craft and Cunning it is such, that I am seldom insnared and brought to ruin. and therefore I ought for my policy to be preferred. If a Horse chance to dy, I am presently upon his bones; or if a Lamb or sheep be weak, I pick out his eyes, and afterwards do fly to some tree, and from thence do hear the Shepherds curse me, but yet for all that I thrive the better. If therefore Policy, or Know-

ledge in Affairs may enable me for publick Government, you may make me your Substitude, and deliver the Crown unto the *Crow*, for unto him it belongeth, if Desert may beat it away.

Moral. *These that have no Knowledge, will presume many times to be Professors of Arts, so that every Art hath some ignorant Fellows who will pretend to have Skill therein, as Mountebanks will needs be Physicians; and Fellows with a little Latin, will needs be Scholars; as the* Crow, *because he cries sometime before Rain, would therefore needs be an Astrologer.*

The Speech of *Mavis* the *Magpye*.

THE *Magpye* after this began to chatter out her Mind, saying he was once a King, and so was changed into a *Pye*, and therefore he might now again be changed from a *Pye* into a King; besides saith he, I have been always esteemed as a Poet, for I can make Verses, and chatter them out so fast that you would wonder at it; and I can tell you that the Commonwealth of birds have much delighted in my Songs and Ditties, being excellent Rhyme with some Reason, and therefore I think they have Reason to applaud me: and for proof of my Skill, you shall hear some of my Verses:

Although I am no Jack daw,
Nor House-Crow *that cryeth caw,*
Yet I am a Magpye,
That can make sweet Melody,
And sing so in my Mother's Tongue,
That all Birds shall admire my Song.

And no sooner had she spoke these Verses, but the *Magpye* seeing the birds laugh at him, he swore they were very good Lines, and that they had no more Wit than *Woodcocks*, or else they would praise them.

Moral, *Because this moral will be offensive to some* Magpyes *in the World, I will deliver the moral in two Verses out of* Persius *the Poet, treating of the same matter.*

Corvos

Corvos Poetas, Poetrias Picas,
Cantare credas Pegaſcium Melos.

Crow-Poets, and Poetick Pies,
Do think they make ſweet Melodies.

The Speech of *Anſer* the *Gooſe*.

AFter this, *Anſer* the *Gooſe*, and *Coby* the *Cock*, having by chance heard the Proclamation as they were ſtanding under a hedge, they came flying thither, but being not able to light upon a Tree, the *Gooſe* and the *Cock* ſtood at the bottom of the tree: Which when the *Eagle* perceived, he came down to them, and all the birds ſat round about him upon the ground. Then the *Gooſe* began to ſpeak in this manner, Albeit I am accounted a cowardly bird, becauſe when I go under a barn-door I ſtoop down my head, yet I can ſpeak much in my own behalf: for, to begin with former times, I, only by my gagling Voice, ſaved the Capitol of *Rome* from being taken by the Enemy, as I know your *Eagleſhip* hath read in hiſtories, beſides, if I come unto theſe times, how could the Lawyers, Clerks, or Scriveners, make the poor country men pay for there Law, unleſs I lent them Quills to write their bills and bonds; ſo that I think the Gray-Gooſe Wing may be as much feared now, as in the old time, when they headed their Arrows with my Feathers; for then many times they loſt their Lives, and now their Lands while the ſheep affords the parchment, and I afford the pen, with which the Prodigal ſets his hand to the Seal, or Mortgage of his whole Patrimony: beſides, I have a great many two legg'd Kindred in the World, who yet ſcorn to acknowledge me, but the world knows them to be Geeſe. And therefore conſidering how neceſſary I am, I hope you will give me prehemirence above the other birds. After him, the *Cock* ſpake as followeth.

Moral. *It appears by this, that every Gooſe thinks himſelf the wiſeſt; and if he adds but any Aſſiſtance to another unthinkingly and againſt his Will, he magnifies it as a peculiar Deſert, and requires Recompence above his Merit.*

The History of Cawwood the Rook.

Coby the *Cock's* Speech.

I Am *Coby* the *Cock*, or the bird of *Mars*, I fight single Combats, and from the Cockpit I bear away the bloody Victory: I am the country Clock, and tell the Maids when it is time to rise, I call up the Labourer to his Work, and proclaim Day-light all the World over. I am loving to my Hens, respected of my Dame that keeps me, and fed with the best Barley she could get, and in requital I tread her Hens lustily, and make them lay Eggs: To conclude, I am come of a generous Kind, being the true Emblem of Valour; and so necessary, that the World could not tell how to do for Eggs at *Shrove-tide* if the *Cock* should fail. And therefore if the Matter might be decided by Voices, I know the Country Wives would desire to have me made King, for they do all love a good treading Cock.

Moral. *The Cock here proclaiming his Valour and Utility, signifies, that you resolute men would be praised for the Mischief they do their Fellow-creatures, and bear that out with some thing that has a shew of Good in it.*

The *Jackdaw's* Speech.

THough I am last to take the boldness to speak, yet I hope you will consider that I am an excellent Linguist, and have the Knowledge of many Languages, so that when we *Jackdaws* are got together about a Steeple, we make a chattering Noise like so many Welchmen: besides, I have rich Treasure, which lies hid in the Crown of a Tree, as namely, Beads, Tags of points, pewter Spoons, and divers other things, which I mean to present unto your *Eagi ship*, (for it is my nature to hide whatsoever I find:) besides, for my Language (as I said before) I can speak Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, as easie as my Mother Tongue; but indeed few do understand me, and therefore I do lose that Praise which I deserve. However, I hope you will consider my Worthiness, and place me as your Substitute, during the time that your *Eagi ship* shall be absent in the Desert of *Arabia*. And

so

so ends *Jackdaw*, praying for your long Life; and to give you a Taste of my Languages, *Levat le Roy*, Τὸν Βίον, *fœlicissimum*.

Moral. *Those that make the loudest Noise, think they speak the most Sence, when indeed they are troublesom to the Hearers, though many times it takes with Fools, and gets their treasure from them unawares.*

CHAP. IV.

How the Eagle, *having heard the Birds several Speeches, did make a Speech to them again, and at last made his Cousin* Rapax *the* Hawk *Vice-regent in his Absence.*

THE *Eagle*, like a wise King, having collected the chief matter of their Speeches, began to speak unto them in this Manner: My loving Subjects, I have heard what you have spoken, in the behalf of your selves: You *Robert* have pleaded well for your self, and so have you Lady *Philomel*, and all the rest, whose Names for brevity sake I omit. But yet you have not shewn me any Virtues worthy of royal Dignity. For in that *Philomel* was a King's Daughter, and *Mavis* the *Pye* was sometime a King, yet these are but the Fictions of Poets; and I had rather have you make it appear, that your breasts are filled with Justice, Temperance, Magnanimity, Mercy, and such other Virtues, which are required in a King. For to boast of Parentage, or Gifts of Nature, (as your fair white Feathers) or of Art, as Languages, Learning, and the like, they may be esteemed Ornaments to private Men; but Princes should have power to make them be feared, and Virtue to make them be beloved; but in none of ye *I* find these Qualities: And therefore since ye have all spoken your minds, would fain know why my Cousin *Rapax*, the *Hawk*, hath sat mute all this while.

The *Hawk*, hearing himself named by the *Eagle*, answered thus; May it please your Highness, I know that my former Offences, and Murders are so odious and hateful in the Sight of the Birds, that *I* dare not open my beak to pronounce a Syllable in my own behalf:

But

But yet might it please them to remit and forgive my former Offences, and pardon what is past, I would promise (if so be your Majesty should make me your Substitude) to rule over the Commonwealth of Birds with Justice and Equity; instead of killing and slaying them with my Talons, I would protect them from the injury of Owls, and other Blood-suckers, who in the Winter evenings do pull the small birds out of the bushes, and so prey upon them, when they should spend their days peaceably, sleep securely, sing sweetly feed plentifully, and live merrily. And besides, as I have Power to sway the Empire, so I promise to rule over the Commonwealth of Birds with Justice and Equity; and to give them the better Assurance that I will not prove a Tyrant, I am willing to have my Talons pared off: Therefore if the Birds do like of my Offer, to shew their consent thereunto, let them clap their Wings. Which was no sooner heard, but the Birds on condition that the *Hawk's* Talons should be pared off, cryed all with one Voice, *Fiat Rex Rapax*, Let the *Hawk* be King.

Moral. *A cunning Dissemble will alwaies cover his Vice with the Death of Virtue, as may be seen by the* Hawk's *Speech; who, promising to rule with Justice amongst them, yet so far it to the Opinion of the Birds, that they were content to chuse him King, to avoid further Strife among themselves. Take heed therefore of fair Speeches, for all their Words are mingled with Dissimulation.*

CHAP. V.

How Rapax *the* Hawk *had his Talons pared off, and how the* Eagle *resigned his Sceptre unto him and made him King of the Birds.*

After the Birds had consented to the *Hawk's* Speech, the *Hawk* (because they had no edg'd Tools amongst them) put his Talons into the Clift of a Tree, and so never left pulling till he had pull'd them quite off; and yet the hope of Sovereignty was so sweet to him, that he felt no pain therein. Being thus unable to hunt, the *Eagle* rose out of his Seat, and caused the

the *Hawk* to sit therein, and afterwards delivered his Sceptre unto him, and put his Crown upon his Head, and then charged him to remember his promise, which was, to have a care of his Subjects, and be loving unto them; as also to hear their Complaints, to redress their Grievances, and to yield them Relief. And this see you perform, as you tender or respect your own Life; for if, at my Return from the Arabian Desart, I find that you have wrong'd my Subjects, you shall be sure to dye for it. The *Hawk* answered, that he hoped his Majesty should commend him at his return, and not find any just Cause of Punishment; for (tho' I have hitherto been cruel, and have plumed upon the Carkass of many a small Bird, as Larks, and Sparrows, and sometimes upon Doves, Partridges, Quails, and the like, yet) now your Subjects shall find me full of Mercy, for indeed I was then enforced to be cruel by Necessity. At these Words the *Eagle* took wing, so taking some few Birds of note with him, he flew away; and when these Birds had accompany'd him some part of the Way, he sent them back again, charging them to be careful to obey the *Hawk* in all things. And so flew on to the Desart of *Arabia*.

Moral. *The Nature of Man is given to seek honor, which he thinks to be a sufficient Reward for all his Sufferings; as may appear by the* Hawk, *who could endure to pluck off his own Talons in hopes to be King.*

CHAP. VI.

How the Hawk *behaved himself after the Departure of the* Eagle, *and how he requited* Cawwood *the* Rook *for teaching him how to make away the* Buzzard, *as is shewn in the 1st. chap.*

THE *Eagle* being gon, the *Hawk* behaved himself very lovingly for the first Week; as *Nero*, the first five Years of his Reign, was counted the best of Kings, but afterwards he proved the worst of Tyrants; so the *Hawk* dissembled his Nature for a Week or two, but afterwards he had a great desire to shed Blood, and therefore he began to think

how he might put *Cawwood* the *Rook* to death, and requite him for his former Kindness in betraying the *Buzzard*, and making him stand blind-folded with a Clout about his Head, till one came by and shot him with a Birding-piece. Now to bring this to pass, he called many of the little Birds together, and told them, that what Cruelty he had formerly committed was by the encouragement of the *Rook*; who made him believe, that (seeing Nature had allotted him no other Food) it was lawful for him to prey upon all sorts of Birds; and that he was now afraid, lest he should put into his mind the same bloody principles again; and therefore to avoid suspicion, my loving Subjects, said he, if any of ye can accuse him of any haynous Crime, (as I know he is guilty of many,) I will grant you a Day of Hearing against him; that so (if he cannot clear himself) he may suffer the punishment of Death, which is due unto his Desserts. No sooner had the *Hawk* spoken these Words, but presently they told his Majesty, That they had every one cause to complain against him; and therefore, if he was once summon'd to the Court, they would be ready to accuse him.

Moral. *They who imploy others in Wickedness, never Love them any longer than till their own Purpose is effected; as may appear by the Hawk, who sought the Life of the* Rook, *after he had us'd his Assistance to make away the Buzzards. So that he which furthers a man's Vice, is belov'd while it is doing, but is hated when it is done.*

CHAP. VII.

How Cawwood *the* Rook *was called to the Court to answer for himself, and how all the small Birds brought their Accusations against him.*

THE *Hawk* began now to make known his bloody Nature, and therefore sent *Corvino* the *Crow*, to summon the *Rook* to appear at the Court of *Sylvia*; who came at the day appointed, not imagining he should receive any injury from the *Hawk*, being always his Friend; and therefore not fearing that being now made King, he would use his Power to

his

his Destruction; but it proved far otherwise, for no sooner was *Cawwood* come into the *Hawk*'s Presence, but He commanded him to stand forth, and answer to such matters as should be laid against him; for, said He, Friend *Rook*, there are many complaints made against you, and I must do Justice, as I promis'd the *Eagle* at his Departure. When the *Rook* heard this, he began to change colour, and his feathers began to stand an end; What, thought he, shall I be betrayed by a Traytor! Yet at last, seeing no remedy, he was fain to stand to it, while the Birds gathered round about him, being all ready to complain against him; and first *Rupert* the *Robin* began his Indictment.

Moral. *Tyrants do all always pretend an outward shew of Justice, as may be seen in the* Hawk's *speech to* Cawwood *the* Rook; *who being afraid thereof, doth shew that a guilty Conscience is a thousand Witnesses.*

CHAP. VIII.

How Rupert *the* Robin *complained against* Kawwood *the* Rook.

I Am glad that we small birds have now free Liberty to shew our Wrongs and Grievances which we have received from *Cawwood* the *Rook*, who brought me in danger of my Life; for for one day, as he and I were walking in a field by a Hedge side, we chanced to come where there was a Turff set up with two sticks, and a little Hole digg'd underneath it; I began to ask him what that was? O, says he, do you not know what this is? Then you have lost mony a fair Worm, for it is never without one or two, and therefore, says he, if you hop into the bottom of it, you shall find my Words to be true. But (quoth I) is there no danger in it? O no, (says he) I'll warrant you for Danger; whereupon believing him, I leaped upon the forked stick, and no sooner was I lighted thereon, but presently the Turff fell upon my Head; so that I was made a close Prisoner in the Pitfall, and there I continued, till at last a waggish boy who made the pitfall, came and took me out,

 and

and with Joy carry'd me to his Mother; but she telling him twas ill luck to hurt a *Robin*, at last the boy was content only to cut off my Tayl, and let me fly, whereby I escaped the Danger that the *Rook* had brought me into; and therefore I desire that we may have Justice on him.

The Sparrow's *Complaint.*

With the same malicious Mind (though not in the same manner) *Cawwood* the *Rook* brought me in danger and peril of my Life; for one frosty Morning there being a great many Lime-straws set on a Dunghil, *Cawwood* the *Rook* went amongst them, and spying me upon the top of a barn, called me down unto him, for there were a great many Wheat-ears scattered upon the Ground; whereupon (being somewhat hungry, by reason of the cold frosty Weather) I came flying to him, and no sooner had I begun to peck on one of the Ears, but straight the end of one of the limed straws caught me by the back, and another under the wing, so that I had much ado to get from thence; for when he that watch'd the straws, saw me limed and taken, he came runing out to catch me, but then with all the Strength I had, I made towards a hedge, and having gotten into the bottom thereof, escaped the Fowler's Hands: Thus was I betrayed by *Cawwood* the *Rook*, and I think there is no Bird but hath some accusation against him.

The Complaint of the Woodcock.

MAy it please you, I was once coming through a Wood with this Traytor *Cawwood* the Rook, and as we passed there was two or three sticks set just cross the path, with one great bended stick, whereon was a noose of Hair, and as we came to them, I asked the *Rook* what this meant? Why, said he, it is a swing, whereon I am want many times to stretch my self; at these Words, like a *Woodcock* as I was, I went to take hold of the great stick, and thought to have swung upon it; but no sooner had I set my Foot upon the bridge, but the spring flew up, and caught me by one of my Legs, so that there I lay upright, and looking every Hour when the

the Fowler would come and fetch me; and if the Hair-noose had not broke, I had certainly long ere this been roasted, and served up to some rich Man's Table. The *Wardens* had no sooner ended his complaint, but there came in a *Thrush* and a *Sterling* like maimed Soldiers, hopping upon one Leg, and seeing *Cawwood* the *Rook* standing at the Bar, the *Thrush* (because she was the best Speaker) began to tell their Case, How that *Cawwood* the *Rook* made them believe that a birding-piece was but a pipe that Men used to play upon; whereupon one Morning a Fowler coming towards us with a Piece, we thinking to hear his Pipe, sat still, so that he taking his aim, discharged against us, and shot me in the Leg, and me Brother *Sterling* in the Wing: Thus hath the *Rook* with his Craft deceived us many times, and many bird hath he brought to an untimely End by his Cunning. We beseech the *Hawk* therefore (who we hear is made Substitute in the *Eagle*'s absence) that he would punish the Cruelty of the *Rook*.

CHAP. IX.

How Cawwood *the* Rook *would have answered for himself, but that* Rapax *the* Hawk *would not suffer him, but condemned him to perpetual Banishment.*

WHen *Rapax* the *Hawk* had heard these accusations against the *Rook*, he was glad thereof; and yet (as it is the Nature of cunning Treachery) he seemed to pity his Calamity, and told him he was sorry to hear so many foul Matters urged against him: I have always, says he, had a good Opinion of you, but I see how much we may be deceived; and I wish some other might give Judgment on your crimes and offences, but yet since it hath pleased the *Eagle* to give me all power, and to put the Scepare of Justice into my Talons, there shall no respect of Friendship sway me, and therefore you must look for no more Mercy at my Hands than Justice will permit: For although you are my Friend, yet I must prove a loyal

Subject

Subject to the *Eagle*, who hath put me in trust to see Rewards and Punishments equally distributed amongst his Subjects; and this I take to be the true Nature of Justice.

At these Words the *Rook* began to prepare himself, and would fain have answered the Objections of his Adversaries; beginning to shew, That it was not his Craft, but their Folly which brought them into Danger; for, said he, if *Rupert* the *Robin* will needs be peeping into a pitfall, who can help it? Or if the *Woodcock* will take a Spring for a Swing, it is not my Cunning, but their Simplicity that brings 'em into Danger; by escaping which they have learned more Wit, and so ought (in Justice) to give me Thanks, for now they know how to avoid the like perils hereafter: Besides all this, you that sit to condemn me ought not to seek my Life, but to save me from my Enemies; for you know how (for your sake) I contrived an excellent Device to make away *Flynt* the *Bat Card*.

But at that word, the *Hawk* commanded them to stop his mouth, and that with a Noose of Hair they should forthwith strangle him. When the *Rook* saw there was no way but Death, he began to entreat for Mercy: Wherenpon the *Hawk* considering better with himself, pronounced this Sentence against him: In regard that thou, *Cawwood* the *Rook*, hast highly transgressed and offended against the Common-wealth of Birds, by deceiving *Philip* the *Sparrow*, *Rupert* the *Robin*, and *Longbil* the *Woodcock*, I do here banish the out of the Country, and send the to live for ever in the City. Since which Time the City hath been always full of *Rooks*; for no sooner was the sentence given, but the Parliament of Birds broke up, and the *Rook* flew away to the City, where he hath ever since remained. There being now divers sorts of *Rooks*, as for example, Your cheating Gamester is a *Rook*, and your Fellows that cheat country Men are *Rooks*, the Tapster that fills not his pot is a *Rook*, and he that drinks with you, and slips away when the Reckoning comes to be paid, is a *Rook*. To conclude, There are so many Sorts of *Rooks*, that I cannot reckon them; for sometimes your *Rook* will be in the shape of a decayed Gallant, sometimes in a Thread-bare cloak, waiting at Bowling-allies, sometimes in a leather Jerkin like a country Man, and sometimes in the Market in the shape of a cut-purse; and therefore I would have the country Men buy this book,

for

for though it be the History of Kawwood the Rook, yet it will not cost them so dear as the Acquaintance of the City-Rook.

Moral. *Crafty Fellows, although they escape a great while, yet at last are brought to Ruine and Disgrace; for if they convince in publick Vyal, then all their Enemies are ready to abuse them; as appears by the Rook, who after all his cunning tricks, was at last banished to live in the City. So that your* Rook *is born and bred in the Country, but lives in the City; and this is the concluding Moral of this Chapter.*

The BIRDS HARMONY.

OH says the Cuckow loud and stout,
I fly the Country round about,
While other Birds my young ones feed,
And I my self do stand in need.

Then says the *Sparrow* on her nest,
I lov'd a Lass, but it was in Jest;
And ever since that self same thing,
I made a Vow I ne'er wou'd sing.

In came the *Robin*, and thus he said,
I lov'd once a well-favour'd Maid;
Her Beauty kindled such a Spark,
That on my Breast I bear the Mark.

Then said the *Lark* upon the Graſs,
I lov'd once a well-favour'd Lass;
But she'd not hear her true Love sing,
Tho' he'd a voice would please a King.

Then said the *Blackbird* as she fled,
I loved one but she is dead;
And ever since my Love I do lack,
This is the cause I mourn in black.

Then said the bonny *Nightingale*,
Thus I must end my ecourseful Tale,
While others sing, I sit and mourn,
Leaning my Breast against a Thorn.

Ah! says the *Water-wagtail* then,
I ne'er shall be my self again;
I lov'd one but cou'd not prevail,
And this is the cause I wag my tail.

Then said the pretty colour'd *Jay*,
My dearest Love is flet away,
And in remembrance of my Dear,
A feather of every sort I wear.

Then said the leather-winged *Bat*,
Mind but my tale and I'll tell you what
Is the cause that I do fly by night,
Because I lost my Heart's Delight.

Then said the *Green-bird* as she flew,
I lov'd one that prov'd untrue;
And since she can no more be seen,
Like a love-sick Maid I turn to green.

Then

The History of Cawwood the Rook.

Then did begin the chattering *Swallow*.
My Love is fled but I would not follow,
And now upon the chimney high,
I sing forth my poor Malady.

O, says the *Owl*, my Love is gon,
That I so much did dote upon;
I know not how my Love to follow,
But after her I hoop and hollow.

Then said the *Lapwing* as she flies,
I search the Meadows and the Skies,
But cannot find my Love again,
So about I fly in deadly Pain

Then said the *Thrush*, I squeak and sing,
Which doth to me no Comfort bring,
For oftentimes I at Midnight
Recall my Love and Heart's delight.

The *Canary-bird* she then come in,
To tell her Tale she doth begin,
I am of my dear Love bereft,
So I have my own Country left.

The *Chaffinch* then begins to speak,
For love, quoth she, my heart will break,
I grieve so for my only Dear,
I sing but two Months in the Year.

Then quoth the *Magpie*, I was cross
In Love, and now my Dear is lost;
And wanting of my Hearts Delight,
I mourn for him in black and white.

Oh! says the *Rook* and eke the *Crow*,
The Reason why in black we go,
It is because we are forsook,
Come pity us poor *Crow* and *Rook*.

The *Bullfinch* he was in a rage,
And nothing could his Wrath asswage,
So in the Woods he would not dwell,
But spends his time in lonesome Cell.

Thus you've heard the birds complaint,
Taking Delight in their Restraint:
Let this to all a Pattern be,
For to delight in Constancy.

FINIS.

Thos. of Reading. by T. Deloney. 1612. 4to

The present copy is different from that above

Compare the beginnings.

It must have been published before 1600.
See Langham's letter

Oldys in his notes to Langbaine's dram poets in B. Mus
p. 121 suppose this work to have been written by
Thos. Dekker? He mentions "Thos. of Reading: or
the 6 worthy yeomen of the West: Now 6 times
corrected & enlarged by T. D. 1632. 4o.